ELEGIE

On the univerſaly Lamented Death of

Mr. ALEXANDER SCHEILLs:

An Eminent Miniſter of the Goſpell, who Departed this Life at Jamaica, *in his Return from CALEDONIA,* 1700.

COme *Muſes* nine, aſſiſt me to Lament
The loſs of him, no danger could prevent,
From Carying on the Cauſe of Chriſt his maſter
But Boldly did withſtand every diſaſter,
Came in his way, and like to *Noah*'s Dove,
He for the Ark of God bear ſuch a Love
That to the Sole of's foot he found no reſt
Untill he found, the *Deluge* overpaſt.
Would I had *Argus* eyes that Floods of Tears
Might flow from thence to diſpell all our fears.
Heaven by this ſtrock, ſeems our deſignes to blaſt,
Since he is gone, whil'ſt life and ſtrength did laſt,
All hazards venturd, Religion to premot
By's Life and Doctrine, where e're he ſooting got;
That Heathen Infidels did alm oſt own
The Glorious Goſpel (by him) to them ſhown,
To be more precious than all their *Indian* Gold,
As I have heard by Travelers often told.
Shall ſuch an uſefull member of the Church
Fall by Deaths Dart and ne'r on heart ſo much
As once be grived, nor any eye found weep
For loſeing of a Shepherd of Chriſts Sheep.
Who e're was faithfull in feeding of his Flocks
And notwithſtanding of what ſtumbling Blocks
Stood in his way, He tenderly them Led
And with ſincere milk of the *Word* them Fed,
Wherefore He now is with immortall Rayes,
Crown'd, in thoſe *Manſions* where his Maſter ſtayes.

FINIS.

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